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My First

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“Well,” I say, seeing nothing, “that was some night.” We climb in the car and head out on the dirt road.

We’ve made this drive many times, him dropping me off at school on the way to the fire station. The memories are good, living again this morning: our initial burst of conversation, kangaroo rats skittering across the highway in our headlights, him explaining things I don’t know or understand—that gas station is just a snack shop; all those semis are going to film a movie; once you have a garage, a battery recharger is a good investment to make.

The desert is dark, full of telephone poles and the ghosts of Joshua trees. Together, we see five shooting stars streak the sky.

My First

William Vollrath

She surprised me
at the checkout counter
asking for my signature
after the state society’s
evening of readings and
celebration of
national poetry month
My first sale of
my first signed copy
of my first real book
When I told her
it was a bit X-rated
she giggled and said
she could handle it
then giggled more at
my personalized signing
It was fun meeting
my first “groupie”
after baring my soul
at the well-known
little bookstore
I just didn’t expect her
to be eighty